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# The Missionary's Call



BY

REV. NATHAN BROWN, D.D.



## The Missionary's Call



Y SOUL is not at rest. There  
comes a strange  
And secret whisper to my spirit,  
like  
A dream of night, that tells me I  
am on

Enchanted ground. Why live I here? The vows  
Of God are on me, and I may not stop  
To play with shadows, or pluck earthly flowers,  
Till I my work have done and rendered up  
Account. The voice of my departed Lord,  
GO, TEACH ALL NATIONS, from the eastern  
world

Comes on the night air, and awakes my ear.

And I will go. I may not longer doubt  
To give up friends and home, and idol hopes,  
And every tender tie that binds my heart  
To thee, my country! Why should I regard  
Earth's little store of borrowed sweets? I sure  
Have had enough of sorrow in my cup  
To show that never was it His design  
Who placed me here, that I should live in ease  
Or drink at pleasure's fountain.

Henceforth, then,  
It matters not if storm or sunshine be  
My earthly lot; bitter or sweet my cup.  
I only pray, God fit me for the work;  
God make me holy and my spirit nerve  
For the stern hour of strife! Let me but know  
There is an Arm unseen that holds me up,  
An Eye that kindly watches all my path,  
Till I my weary pilgrimage have done,  
Let me but know I have a Friend that waits  
To welcome me to glory, and I joy  
To tread the dark and death-fraught wilderness.

And when I come to stretch me for the last,  
In unattended agony, beneath  
The cocoa's shade, or lift my dying eyes  
From Afric's burning sands, it will be sweet  
That I have toiled for other worlds than this;  
I know I shall feel happier than to die  
On softer bed.

And if I should reach heaven;  
If one that hath so deeply, darkly sinned;  
If one whom ruin and revolt have held  
With such a fearful grasp; if one for whom  
Satan has struggled as he hath for me,  
Should ever reach that blessed shore, Oh, how  
This heart will flame with gratitude and love!  
And through the ages of eternal years,  
Thus saved, my spirit never shall repent  
That toil and suffering once were mine below.

**R**EV. NATHAN BROWN, D. D., first missionary of the American Baptist Missionary Union to Assam, when a young man nineteen years of age, was led to contemplate a missionary life largely through the influence of President Griffin of Williams College. It was under the inspiration of one of his eloquent sermons that young Brown wrote in a few hours the poem, *The Missionary*, which was afterwards published as *The Missionary's Call*, and set to music. Dr. Brown labored many years in Assam and in Japan, and had the unusual distinction of translating the New Testament into the Assamese and Japanese languages.

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